SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO

Written by

David Mamet

1 A SINGLES BAR. DANNY SHAPIRO *and* BERNIE LITKO *are seated at the bar.*

DANNY.
So how'd you do last night?

BERNARD.
Are you kidding me?

DANNY.
Yeah?

BERNARD.
Are you fucking kidding me?

DANNY.
Yeah?

BERNARD.
Are you pulling my leg?

DANNY.
So?

BERNARD.
So tits out to here so.

DANNY.
Yeah?

BERNARD.
Twenty, a couple years old.

DANNY.
You gotta be fooling.

BERNARD.
Nope.

DANNY.
You devil

BERNARD.
You think she hadn't been around?

DANNY.
Yeah?

BERNARD.
She hadn't gone the route?

DANNY.
She knew the route, huh?

BERNARD.
Are you fucking kidding me?

DANNY.
Yeah?

BERNARD.
She *wrote* the route.

DANNY.
No shit, around twenty, huh?

BERNARD.
Nineteen, twenty.

DANNY.
You're talking about a girl.

BERNARD.
Damn right.

DANNY.
You're telling me about some underage stuff.

BERNARD.
She don't gptta be but eighteen.

DANNY.
Was she?

BERNARD.
Shit yes.

DANNY.
Then okay.

BERNARD.
She made eighteen easy.

DANNY.
Well, then.

BERNARD.
Had to punch in at twenty, twenty-five easy.

DANNY.
Then you got no problem.

BERNARD.
I know I got no problem.

DANNY.
So tell me .

BERNARD.
So okay, so where am I?

DANNY.
When?

BERNARD.
Last night, two-thirty.

DANNY.
So two-thirty, you're probably over at Yak-Zies.

BERNARD.
Left Yak-Zies at one.

DANNY.
So you're probably over at Grunts.

BERNARD.
They only got a two o'clock license.

DANNY.
So you're probably over at the Commonwealth.

BERNARD.
So okay, so I'm over at the Commonwealth, in the pancake house off the lobby, and I'm working on a stack of those raisin and nut jobs...

DANNY.
They're good.

BERNARD.
...and I'm reading the paper, and I'm reading, and I'm casing the pancake house, and the usual shot, am I right?

DANNY.
Right.

BERNARD.
So who walks in over to the cash register but this chick.

DANNY.
Right.

BERNARD.
Nineteen, twenty year old chick...

DANNY.
Who we're talking about.

BERNARD.
...and she wants a pack of Viceroys.

DANNY.
I can believe that.

BERNARD.
Gets the smokes, and she does this number about how she forgot her purse up in her room.

DANNY.
Up in her room?

BERNARD.
Yeah.

DANNY.
Was she a pro?

BERNARD.
At that age?

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
Well, at this point we don't know. So anyway, I go over and ask her can I front her for the smokes, and she says couldn't, and then she says well, alright, and would I like to join her in a cup of coffee.

DANNY.
She asked you...

BERNARD.
...yeah.

DANNY.
For a cup of coffee.

BERNARD.
Right?

DANNY.
And all this time she was nineteen?

BERNARD.
Nineteen, twenty. So down we sit and get to talking. This, That, blah, blah, blah, and "Come up to my room and I'll pay you back for those cigarettes."

DANNY.
No.

BERNARD.
Yeah.

DANNY.
You're shitting me.

BERNARD.
I'm telling you.

DANNY.
And she was a pro?

BERNARD.
So at this point we don't know. Pro, semi-pro, Betty Co-ed from College, regular young broad, it's anybody's ballgame. So, anyway, up we go. Fifth floor on the alley and it's "Sit down, you wanna drink?" "What you got?", "Bourbon," "Fine." And goddam if she doesn't lay half a rock on me for the cigarettes.

DANNY.
No.

BERNARD.
Yeah.

DANNY.
So this changes the complexity of things.

BERNARD.
For a bit, yes. But *then* what shot does she up and pull?

DANNY.
You remind her of her ex.

BERNARD.
No.

DANNY.
She's never done anything like this before in her life?

BERNARD.
No.

DANNY.
She just got into town, and do you know where a girl like her could make a little money?

BERNARD.
No.

DANNY.
So I'm not going to lie to you, what shot does she up and pull?

BERNARD.
The shot she is pulling is the following of two things: A) She says “I think I want to take a shower.”

DANNY.
Yeah?

BERNARD.
Yes. And B) She says “And then let’s fuck.”

DANNY.
Yeah?

BERNARD.
What did I just tell you?

DANNY.
She said that?

BERNARD.
I hope to tell you.

DANNY.
Nineteen years old?

BERNARD.
Nineteen, twenty.

DANNY.
And was she a pro?

BERNARD.
So at this point I don’t know, But I do say I’ll join her in the shower, if she has no objections.

DANNY.
Of course.

BERNARD.
So into the old shower. And does this broad have a *body*?

DANNY.
Yeah?

BERNARD.
Are you kidding me?

DANNY.
So tell me.

BERNARD.
The *tits*...

DANNY.
Yeah?

BERNARD.
The *legs*...

DANNY.
The ass?

BERNARD.
Are you fucking fooling me? The *ass* on this broad...

DANNY.
You ass, huh?

BERNARD.
Well yeah, young broad, young ass.

DANNY.
Right.

BERNARD.
And lathering *her*...

DANNY.
Mmmmm.

BERNARD.
And drop the *soap*... This, That, and we get out. Towelling off, each of us in his or her full glory. So while we're towelling off, I flick the towel at her, very playfully, and by accident it catches her a good one on the ass, and *thwack*, a big red mark.

DANNY.
No.

BERNARD.
So I'm all sorry and so forth. But what does this broad do but let out a squeal of pleasure and relief that would fucking kill a horse.

DANNY.
Huh?

BERNARD.
So what the hell, I'm liberal.

DANNY.
If that's her act, that's her act.

BERNARD.
Goes without saying. So I look around, figuring to follow in my footsteps, and what is handy but this little G.E. Clock radio. So I pick the mother up and heave it at her. Catches her across the shoulder-blades, and we've got this long welt.

DANNY.
Draw blood?

BERNARD.
At this point, no. So what does she do? She says "Wait a minute," and she crawls under the bed. From under the bed she pulls this suitcase, and from out the suitcase comes this World War Two Flak suit.

DANNY.
They're hard to find.

BERNARD.
Zip, zip, zip, and she gets into the Flak suit and we get down on the bed.

DANNY.
What are you doing?

BERNARD.
Fucking.

DANNY.
She's in the Flak suit?

BERNARD.
Right.

DANNY.
How do you get in?

BERNARD.
How do you think I get in? She leaves the zipper open.

DANNY.
That's what I thought.

BERNARD.
But the shot is, while we're fucking, she wants me, every thirty seconds or so, to go BOOM at the top of my lungs.

DANNY.
At her?

BERNARD.
No, just in general. So we're humping and bumping and greasing the old Flak suit and every once in a while I go BOOM, and she starts in on me. "Turn me over," she says, so I do. She's on her stomach. I'm on top...

DANNY.
They got a flap in the back of the Flak suit?

BERNARD.
Yes. So she's on her stomach, at cetera. In the middle of everything she slithers over to the side of the bed, picks up the house phone and says "Give me Room 511."

DANNY.
Right.

BERNARD.
"Who are you calling?" I say. "A friend," she says. So okay. They answer the phone. "Patrice," she says, "It's me, I'm up here with a friend, and I could use a little help. Could you help me out?"

DANNY.
Ah ha!

BERNARD.
So wait. So I don't know what the shot is. So all of a sudden I hear coming out of the phone: "Rat Tat Tat Tat Tat Tat Tat. Ka POW! AK AK AK AK AK AK Ka *Pow!*" So fine. I'm pumping away, the chick on the other end is making airplane noises, every once in a while I go BOOM, and the broad on the bed starts going crazy. She's moaning and groaning and about to go the whole long route. Humping and bumping, and she's screaming "Red dog One to Red dog Squadron"...all of a sudden she screams "Wait." She wriggles out, leans under the bed, and she pulls out this five-gallon jerrycan.

DANNY.
Right.

BERNARD.
Opens it up...it's full of gasoline. So she splashes the mother all over the walls, whips a fuckin' Zippo out of the Flak suit, and WHOOSH, the whole room is in flames. So the whole fuckin' joint is going up in smoke, the telephone is going "Rat Tat Tat," the broad jumps back on the bed and yells "Now give it to me *now* for the Love of Christ." (*Pause.*) So I look at the broad...and I figure...fuck this nonsense. I grab my clothes. I peel a sawbuck off my wad, as I make the door I fling it at her. "For cabfare," I yell. She doesn't hear nothing. One, two, six, I'm in the hall. Struggling into my shorts and hustling for the elevator. Whole fucking hall is full of smoke, above the flames I just make out my broad (she's singing "Off we go into the Wild Blue Yonder "), and the elevator arrives, and the whole fucking hall is full of *firemen*. (*Pause.*)

DANNY.
Nobody does it normally anymore.

BERNARD.
It's these young broads. They don't know what the fuck they want.

DANNY.
You think she was a pro?

BERNARD.
A pro, Dan...

DANNY.
Yes.

BERNARD.
...is how you think about yourself. You see my point?

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
Well, alright, then. I'll tell you one thing...she knew all the pro moves .

2 JOAN AND DEB AT THE APARTMENT WHICH THEY SHARE. JOAN *is getting ready to go out.*

JOAN.
Men.

DEBORAH.
Yup.

JOAN.
They're all after only one thing.

DEBORAH.
Yes. I know. (*Pause.*)

JOAN.
But it's never the *same* thing.

3 Joan is at a singles bar seated alone. Bernie *spots her and moves to her table.*

BERNARD.
Evening. Good Evening.

JOAN.
Good evening.

BERNARD.
How would you like some company. (*Pause.*) What if I was to sit down here? What would that do for you, huh?

JOAN.
No, I don't think so, no. (*Pause.*) Is there something I can do for you?

BERNARD.
Nope. Not a thing in the world, no. I'm just *standing* here, looking for someplace to sit down, huh? (*Pause. Sits down at her table.)* Well, is it a free country, or what?

JOAN.
Don't torture me, just let me hear it, okay?

BERNARD.
(*Pause.*) So here I am. I'm just in town for a one-day layover, and I happen to find myself in this bar. So, so far so good. What am I going to do?
(MORE)

BERNARD. (CONT'D)
I could lounge alone and lonely and stare into my drink, or I could take the bull by the horn and make an effort to enjoy myself...

JOAN.
Are you making this up?

BERNARD.
So hold on. So I see you seated at this table and I say to myself, “What is she doing here?”, And I think she is here for the same reason as I. To enjoy herself, and perhaps, to meet provocative people. (*Pause.*) I’m a meteorologist for T.W.A. It’s an incredibly interesting, but lonely job... Stuck in the cockpit of some jumbojet hours at a time...nothing to look at but charts...what are you drinking?

JOAN.
Scotch on the rocks.

BERNARD.
You’re a scotch drinker, huh?

JOAN.
Yes.

BERNARD.
Well, what the hell, you’re drinking scotch. But I say “Why pingeonhole ourselves?” A person makes an effort to enjoy himself, why pin a label on it, huh? This is life. You learn a lot about life working for the airlines. Because you’re constantly in touch (you know with what?) With the idea of Death. (*Pause.*) Not that I’m a fan of morbidness, and so on. I mean what are you doing here? You’re by yourself, I can see that. So what do you come here for? To what? To meet interesting new people or not. (*Pause.*) What else is there?

JOAN.
Can I tell you something?

BERNARD.
You bet.

JOAN.
Forgive me if I'm being too personal...but I do not find you sexually attractive. (*Pause.*)

BERNARD.
What is that, some new kind of line? Huh? I mean, not that I mind what you think, if that's what you think...but...that's a fucking rotten thing to say.

JOAN.
I'll live.

BERNARD.
All kidding aside...lookit, I'm a fucking professional, huh? My life is a bunch of having to make split-second decisions. Life or death fucking decisions. So that's what it is, so okay. I work hard, I play hard. Comes I gota day off I wanna relax a bit...I wander-quite by accident-into this bar. I have a drink or two...perhaps a drop too much. Perhaps I get *too* loose. (It's been known to happen.) So what do I see? A nice young woman sitting by herself...

JOAN.
We've done this one.

BERNARD.
So just who the fuck do you think you are, God's gift to Women? I mean where do you fucking get off with this shit. You don't want to get come on to, go enroll in a convent. You think I don't have better things to do? I don't have better ways to spend my off hours than to listen to some nowhere cunt try out cute bits on me? I mean why don't you just clean your fucking act up, Missy. You're living in a city in 1976. (*Pause.*) Am I getting through to you?

JOAN.
I think I'd like to be left alone.

BERNARD.
Ah, you're breaking my heart. My fucking heart is pumping pisswater for you.
(MORE)

BERNARD. (CONT'D)
You're torturing me with your pain and aloofness. You know that?

JOAN.
I'm terribly sorry.

BERNARD.
Sorry don't mean shit. You're a grown woman, behave like it for chrissakes. Huh? I mean, what the fuck do you think society is, just a bunch of rules strung together for your personal pleasure?

JOAN.
Sometimes I think I'm not a very nice person.

BERNARD.
You flatter yourself. (JOAN *rises.*)
So where are you going now?

JOAN.
My little boy is sick, and I really should be getting home.

BERNARD.
Cockteaser.

JOAN.
I beg your pardon?

BERNARD.
You heard me.

JOAN.
I have never been called that in my life.

BERNARD.
Well, you just lost your cherry.

JOAN.
I...I find that very insulting.

BERNARD.
Go get a lawyer, bitch. Go get a writ, you got yourself a case.
(*Pause.*)

JOAN.
(*Sits at table.*) I...I'm...I'mn sorry if I was being rude to you.

BERNARD.
Oh, you're sorry if you were being rude to me.

JOAN.
Yes.

BERNARD.
You got a lot of fuckin' nerve.
(*Rises, calls for check, exits.*)

4 At work. DAN *and* BERN *are at work. They are filing.*

BERNARD.
The main thing, Dan...

DANNY.
Yes?

BERNARD.
The main thing about *broads...*

DANNY.
Yes?

BERNARD.
Is two things: One: The Way to Get Laid is to Treat 'Em Like Shit...

DANNY.
Yeah...

BERNARD.
...and Two: Nothing...*nothing* makes you so attractive to the opposite sex as getting your rocks off on a regular basis.

5 THE LIBRARY. DEBORAH *is seated, working.* DAN *cruises her and so on.*

DANNY.
Hi.

DEBORAH.
Hello.

DANNY.
I saw you at the Art Institute.

DEBORAH.
Uh huh.

DANNY.
I remembered your hair.

DEBORAH.
Hair memory.

DANNY.
You were in the Impressionists' room. (*Pause.*) *Monet...*(*Pause.*)

DEBORAH.
Uh huh.

DANNY.
You're very attractive. I like the way you look. (*Pause,*) You were drawing in charcoal. It was nice. (*Pause.*) Are you a student at the Art Institute?

DEBORAH.
No I work.

DANNY.
Work, huh?...work. (*Pause.*) I'll bet you're good at it. (*Pause.*) Is someone taking up a lot of your time these days?

DEBORAH.
You mean a man?

DANNY.
Yes, a man.

DEBORAH.
I'm a Lesbian.

DANNY.
As a physical preference, or from political beliefs?

6 BERNIE'S APARTMENT. BERNIE *is seated in front of the television at three in the morning.*

T.V.
When you wish upon a star, makes no difference who you are. If, on the other hand, you apply for a personal loan, all sorts of circumstantial evidence is required. I wonder if any mathematician has done serious research on the efficacity of prayer. For example: you're walking down the street thinking "God, if I don't get laid tonight, I don't know what all!" (A common form of prayer) And all of a sudden, WHAM! (*Pause.*) Perhaps you do get laid, or perhaps you get hit by a cab, or perhaps you meet the man or woman of your persuasion.
(MORE)

T.V. (CONT'D)
But the prayer is uttered-yes it is-solely as a lamentation, and with no real belief in its casual properties. When you don't get laid, tomorrow's prayer has the extra added oomph of involuntary continence. But if you *do* get laid-think on that moment, will you?-If You do manage to moisten the old wick, how many people would stop, before, during or after, and give thanks to a just creator?

7 DAN AND DEB ARE IN BED AT HIS APARTMENT.

DANNY.
Well.

DEBORAH.
Well.

DANNY.
Yeah, well, hey...uh...(*Pause.*) I feel *great*. (*Pause.*) You?

DEBORAH.
Uh huh.

DANNY.
Yup. (*Pause.*) You, uh, you have to go to work (you work, right?) (DEBORAH *nods*) you have to go to work tomorrow?

DEBORAH.
Yes. Well...

DANNY.
You're going home?

DEBORAH.
Do you want me to?

DANNY.
Only if you want to. Do you want to?

DEBORAH.
Do you want me to stay? I don't know if it's such a good idea that I stay here tonight.

DANNY.
Why? (*Pause.*) I'd like you to stay. If you'd like to.

DEBORAH.
(*Nods.*)

DANNY.
Well, then, alright, then. Huh?
(*Pause*.)

DEBORAH.
I like your apartment.

DANNY.
Yeah? I'm glad.

DEBORAH.
I like it here.

DANNY.
So, look, so tell me. How would you like to eat dinner with me tomorrow. If you're not doing anything. If you're not too busy. If you're busy it's not important.

DEBORAH.
I'd love to eat dinner with you tomorrow.

DANNY.
You would, huh?

DEBORAH.
Yes.

DANNY.
Well, okay, that's nice. That's very nice. I'm going to look forward to that.

DEBORAH.
I would come over here and cook.

DANNY.
You could.

DEBORAH.
Yes.

DANNY.
You could come over here and cook dinner, you'd like to do that?

DEBORAH.
Yes

DANNY.
We could do that...

DEBORAH.
Sure

DANNY.
Yeah. We could do that. (*Pause.*) Let's do that.

DEBORAH.
Okay. (*Pause.*) I'm not really a Lesbian.

DANNY.
No?

DEBORAH.
But I have had some Lesbianic experiences.

DANNY.
What, like going to bed with other women?

DEBORAH.
...and I enjoyed them.

DANNY.
(*Pause.*) Well, sure. (*Pause.*) You going to sleep?

DEBORAH.
(*Sleepily.*) Yes.

DANNY.
(*Pause.*) You having a good time?

DEBORAH.
(*Sleepily.*) Yes.

DANNY.
That's good. (*Pause.*) Goodnight.

DEBORAH.
Goodnight. (*Pause.*)

DANNY.
See you in the morning.

8 THE NEXT MORNING. DEB *and* JOAN *at their apartment.* DEB *enters.*

JOAN.
So what's he like?

DEBORAH.
Who?

JOAN.
Whoever you haven't been home, I haven't seen you in two days that you've been seeing.

DEBORAH.
Did you miss me?

JOAN.
No. Your plants died. (*Pause.*) I'm kidding. What's his name.

DEBORAH.
Danny.

JOAN.
What's he do?

DEBORAH.
He works in the loop.

JOAN.
How wonderful for him.

DEBORAH.
He's an assistant Office Manager.

JOAN.
That's nice, a job with a little upward mobility.

DEBORAH.
Don't be like that, Joan.

JOAN.
I'm sorry. I don't know what got into me.

DEBORAH.
How are things at school?

JOAN.
Swell. Life in the Primary Grades is a real picnic. The other kindergarten teacher got raped Tuesday.

DEBORAH.
How terrible.

JOAN.
What?

DEBORAH.
How terrible for her.

JOAN.
Well, *of course* it was terrible for her. Good Christ, Deborah, you really amaze me sometimes, you know that?

9 A BAR. BERNIE *is seated at the bar; he is waiting.*

BERNARD.
What do you have to do to get a drink in this place, come on an cracker?

(DAN *and* Deb *appear at the entrance to the bar.*)

DANNY.
You're going to like Bernie, you're going to like him a lot! Ah! Ask him to tell you about Korea, he has got some stories you are not going to believe.

(Bernie *spots them*)

BERNARD.
Yo! Siddown, Siddown, so what are you having?

DANNY.
Deborah?

DEBORAH.
Jack Daniels on the Rocks.

BERNARD.
So she knows what sh'es talking about, huh? (*To* DEB.) Black or Green?

DEBORAH.
Black.

BERNARD.
Okay. And you?

DANNY.
The same.

BERNARD.
Right back.

DANNY.
Well, that's Bernie.

DEBORAH.
Seems like a nice enough sort of fellow.

DANNY.
Hell of a guy.

DEBORAH.
Is he coming with us to the movies?
(BERNIE *reappears with drinks*.)

BERNARD.
So, actually, I'm Bernard Litko; friend and associate of your pal, Danny. And you're Deborah.

DEBORAH.
Deborah Soloman.

BERNARD.
Danny's been telling me a lot about you.

DEBORAH.
We only met Wednesday.

BERNARD.
He talks about you constantly!

DEBORAH.
No!

BERNARD.
Yes.

DEBORAH.
What does he say?

BERNARD.
All the usual things. (*Pause*.)

DANNY.
Bernie was in Korea.

DEBORAH.
Really?

BERNARD.
Yeah. You see M*A*S*H on T.V.? (*Pause*.) It all look like that. There isn't one square inch of Korea that doesn't look like that. (*Pause*.) I'm not kidding. (*Pause*.)

DEBORAH.
When were you there?

BERNARD.
'67.

DEBORAH.
Really? What were you doing in Korea in 1967? (*Pause*.)

BERNARD.
I'm really not at liberty to talk about it. (*Pause*.) So what do you do?

DEBORAH.
I'm an illustrator.

BERNARD.
Commercial artist, huh?

DEBORAH.
Yes.

BERNARD.
Lots of money in that. I mean. That's a hell of a field for a girl.

DANNY.
She's very good at it.

BERNARD.
I don't doubt it for a second. I mean, *look* at her for chrissake. You're a very attractive woman. Anybody ever tell you that? (*Pause.*) Huh? (*Pause.*) So okay, so what sign are you?

DEBORAH.
Scorpio.

BERNARD.
Scorpio, huh?... Scorpio...how about that.

DEBORAH.
What sign are *you?*

BERNARD.
Scorpio.

DEBORAH.
How about that, Danny's a Scorpio.

BERNARD.
You a Scorpio, Dan?

DANNY.
Yes. (*Pause.*)

BERNARD.
Well, I don't want to say it, but it's a small fucking world. (*Pause.*)So you guys are hitting it off, huh? The two of you, you're hitting it on/off?

DEBORAH.
Well...

BERNARD.
What the hell, it's early. (*To* DAN.) You don't even know if she's a keeper yet, for chrissakes. You're young. What the hell. (*To* DEB.) How old are you?

DANNY.
Bernie, you know you're not supposed to ask a woman her age.

BERNARD.
Dan, Dan, these are modern times. What do you think this is, *the past?* Women are liberated. You got a right to be what age you are, and so do I, and so does Deborah. (*To* DEB.) Right?

DEBORAH.
Oh, I suppose so.

BERNARD.
So what are you? 18... 19

DEBORAH.
Actually, I'm twenty-three.

BERNARD.
Well, you don't look it. (*Pause.*) You know, you're a lucky guy, Dan. And I think you know what I'm talking about. You are only lucky guy. Yes sir, you are one fortunate son of a bitch. And I think I know what I'm talking about.

10 DAN AND BERN ARE FILING AT THE OFFICE.

BERNARD.
One thing, and I want to tell you that if everybody thought of this, Dan, we could do away with income tax (Hand me one of the 12-12's, will ya?), there would be no more war. (Thanks) and you and I could dwell in the Earthly Paradise today. (*Pause.*)

DANNY.
What?

BERNARD.
Just this:

DANNY.
(yeah?)

BERNARD.
That when she's on her back, her legs are in the air, she's coming like a choo-choo and she's screaming "don't stop"...

DANNY.
Yeah?

BERNARD.
I want you to remember...

DANNY.
...yeah?...

BERNARD.
That power (*Pause.*) that *power* means *responsibility.* (*Pause.*) Remember that.

DANNY.
I will.

BERNARD.
Good.

11 OUTSIDE DEBORAH AND JOAN'S APARTMENT. JOAN *is leaving that apartment.* Dan *runs into her in the hall.*

DANNY.
Hi.

JOAN.
Hello.

DANNY.
I'm looking for Deborah.

JOAN.
She's not here now.

DANNY.
Oh. What is she, out?

JOAN.
She's out.

DANNY.
I'm supposed to meet her here.

JOAN.
Well, she's not here now. (*Pause.*)

DANNY.
Well, perhaps we could stand out here and tell each other funny stories until she got back. What do you think?

JOAN.
Was she expecting you?

DANNY.
I'm supposed to meet her here.

JOAN.
You were supposed to meet her here when?

DANNY.
Now.

JOAN.
What time did she say?

DANNY.
Around seven.

JOAN.
Well, I'll tell her you stopped by.

DANNY.
Wait. Wait...what? Could I have a chair or something? I'll be glad to wait outside the door. Maybe if you just have a stool and a copy of Boy's Life or something I could read. (*Pause.*) Why are you being so hostile?

JOAN.
I don't like your attitude. (*Pause.*)

DANNY.
My name is Danny Shapiro.

JOAN.
I know who you are.

12 DAN AND BERNIE'S OFFICE. *They are filing.*

DANNY.
You ever do it in a plane?

BERNARD.
Yup.

DANNY.
Underwater?

BERNARD.
Yup.

DANNY.
You ever do it in a movie?

BERNARD.
Yes I have, Dan. I believe I have, yes. (*Pause.*) You know what some of 'em like? They like you to get a trifle off the beaten track, if you know what I mean. I had this one chick, she used to have me wrap her in a bicycle chain and lock her to the radiator before she'd let me do it.

DANNY.
Yeah?

BERNARD.
Spent five happy months with that broad before it got cold. A lot of them. They like you to get off the beaten track.

DANNY.
Yeah?

BERNARD.
Oh yeah. Read your history. The Ancient Greeks... The French... you heard of King Farouk?

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
King Farouk, now one of the shots, I read, he'd go put the make on some waitress.

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
So after work, they'd all go back to her place and start making it.

DANNY.
Uh huh.

BERNARD.
The shot of it was this: now secretly, while she was still at work, his men would go divert the local railroad...

DANNY.
Yeah...

BERNARD.
And lay his tracks so they went right through this chick's house. Right by the headboard of her bed and out again on the main line.

DANNY.
Uh huh.

BERNARD.
So just as she's ready to come...

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
The King gives a signal, his men run a locomotive right through the broad's bedroom.

DANNY.
No.

BERNARD.
Yeah. The broads loved it. The thing of it was this:

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
King Farouk was a bit kinky. Right?

DANNY.
Right.

BERNARD.
So get this: There they're humping and bumping...the chick's about to come...

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
She hears "Chugga chugga chugga," and then *wham*, the house caves in.

DANNY.
Uh huh.

BERNARD.
So she sits up in bed, she says "What's that?", The King goes "That, my dear, is a choo-choo"...

DANNY.
Uh huh.

BERNARD.
Then he whacks her in the forehead with a ball-peen hammer.

DANNY.
No shit.

BERNARD.
Yeah. (*Pause.*)

DANNY.
How'd he get away with it?

BERNARD.
You shitting me? The King had emissaries all over the country, they'd fix it up so it looked like the chick had got hit by a train. (*Pause.*) He'd take care of their families, though.

DANNY.
The girls' families.

BERNARD.
Yeah. He'd send them a couple g's. A g or two in savings bonds. (*Pause.*)

DANNY.
He could afford it.

BERNARD.
Are you shitting me? The man was king of *Egypt.* (*Pause.*) A *huge* fucking country,

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
An ancient land.

DANNY.
Yeah. (*Pause.*)

BERNARD.
So tell me.

DANNY.
What?

BERNARD.
How are you getting along with that girl?

DANNY.
What girl?

BERNARD.
You introduced me to.

DANNY.
Deborah?

BERNARD.
Deborah, Betty, whatever.

DANNY.
Her name's Deborah.

BERNARD.
I don't know that? I know what her name is, I'm asking you how you're getting on.

DANNY.
We're getting on just fine. (*Pause.*)

BERNARD.
That's okay. (*Pause.*) You don't want to talk about it, we won't talk about it.

DANNY.
I didn't say I didn't want to talk about it. (*Pause.*)

BERNARD.
Does she give head?

DANNY.
What?

BERNARD.
To *you,* I'm saying. Does she give head to *you.* (*Pause.*) Forget it.

DANNY.
You want me to do these 12-12's?

BERNARD.
Yeah, do'em. Do'em. (*Pause.*)

DANNY.
You ever make it with an Oriental?

BERNARD.
No. I spent 18 months in Korea jacking off. Do the 12-12's huh?

13 JOAN AND DEB'S APARTMENT. *The evening. They are sitting around.*

JOAN.
I don't know, I don't know. I don't know, I don't know. I don't know. (*Pause.*)

DEBORAH.
You don't know what?

JOAN.
I don't know anything, Deborah, I swear to god, the older I get the less I know. (*Pause.*) It's a puzzle. Our efforts at coming to grips with ourselves...in an attempt to become 'more human' (which, in itself, is an interesting concept) It has to do with an increased ability to recognise *clues*...and *desire*... (And also in the form of hope) But a *finite* puzzle. Whose true solution lies, perhaps, in transcending the rules themselves... (*Pause.*) and pounding the fucking pieces into places where they DO NOT FIT AT ALL. (*Pause.*) Those of us who have seen the hands of the Master Magician move a bit too slowly do have a rough time from time to time. (*Pause.*) Some things persist. (*Pause.*) "Loss" is always possible... (*Pause. PHONE RINGS.*)

DEBORAH.
I'll take it in the other room. (*Exits.*)

14 DAN AND BERNIE'S OFFICE. *Closing up.* DAN *and* BERN *are securing the office at the end of a day.*

BERNARD.
So what are we doing tomorrow, we going to the beach?

DANNY.
I'm seeing Deborah.

BERNARD.
Yeah? You getting serious? I mean she seemed like a hell of a girl, huh? The little I saw of her. Not too this, not too that...very kind of... what?
(MORE)

BERNARD. (CONT'D)
(*Pause.*) Well, what the fuck. I only saw her for a minute. I mean first impressions of this kind are often misleading, huh? So what can you tell from seeing a broad one, two, ten times. You're seeing a lot of this broad. You getting serious? But what the fuck, that's your business. Right?

DANNY.
Umm.

BERNARD.
So what are you guys going to do, maybe... what? Go to the zoo, or shopping?... She looked very intellectual.

DANNY.
Um.

BERNARD.
That's not always a bad thing.

DANNY.
No.

BERNARD.
I mean what the fuck, a guy wants to get it on with some broad on a more or less stable basic, who is to say him no. (*Pause.*) Alot of these broads, you know, you just don't know. You know? I mean what with where they've been and all. I mean a young woman in today's society... time she's twenty two-three. You don't know *where* the fuck she's been. (*Pause.*) I'm just *talking* to you, you understand.

15 DAN'S APARTMENT. DAN *and* DEB *are in bed.*

DANNY.
So tell me.

DEBORAH.
What?

DANNY.
Everything. Tell me the *truth* about everything. Menstruation. I know you're holding out on me.

DEBORAH.
It would be hard on me if it got out.

DANNY.
I swear.

DEBORAH.
It’s under our conscious control.

DANNY.
I knew it!

DEBORAH.
We just do it to drive you crazy with the mess.

DANNY.
I just knew it.

DEBORAH.
Now you tell me some.

DANNY.
Name it.

DEBORAH.
What does it feel like to have a penis?

DANNY.
Strange. Very strange and wonderful.

DEBORAH.
Do you miss having tits?

DANNY.
To be completely frank with you, that is the stupidest question I ever heard. What man in his right mind would want tits?

DEBORAH.
You’re right of course. (*Pause.*) Ask me if I like the taste of come.

DANNY.
Do you like the taste of come?

DEBORAH.
Do I like the taste of come?

DANNY.
Yes.

DEBORAH.
Dan, I love the taste of come. It tastes like everything...*good*...just *coming* out of your cock... the Junior Prom... an Autumn afternoon...

DANNY.
It doesn't taste a little bit like Clorox?

DEBORAH.
It *smells* like Clorox. It tastes like the Junior Prom. (*Pauses.*) See what you cheat yourself of?

DANNY.
Yes.

DEBORAH.
Faggot. (*Pause.*)

DANNY.
Do you ever fantasize about making love with other women?

DEBORAH.
Do you fantasize when we make love? (*Pause.*) The last time we made love, I fantasized about other women.

DANNY.
The last time I masturbated I kept thinking about my left hand.

DEBORAH.
Did you?

DANNY.
Yes.

DEBORAH.
Did you?

DANNY.
Yes. (*Pause.*) I love making love with you.

DEBORAH.
I love making love with you. (*Pause.*)

DANNY.
I love you.

DEBORAH.
Does it frighten you to say that?

DANNY.
Yes.

DEBORAH.
It's only words. I don't think you should be frightened by words.

16 NURSERY SCHOOL. JOAN *is lecturing two toddlers.*

JOAN.
What are you doing? Where are you going? What are you doing? You stay right there. Now. What were the two of you doing? I'm just asking a simple question. There's nothing to be ashamed of. (*Pause.*) I can wait. (*Pause.*) Were you playing "Doctor"? (*Pause.*) "Doctor". Don't play dumb with me, just answer the question. (You know, that attitude is going to get you in a lot of trouble someday.) Were you playing with each other's genitals? Each other's... "pee-pees"?-whatever you call them at home, that's what I'm asking (And don't play dumb, because I saw what you were doing, so just own up to it.) (*Pause.*) Alright... no. No, stop that, there's no reason for tears... it's perfectly... natural. But... there's a time and place for everything. Now... no, it's alright. Come on. Come on, we're all going in the other room, and we're going to wash our hands. And then Miss Webber is going to call our parents.

17 THE TOY DEPARTMENT AT MARSHALL FIELD. BERNIE *and* DAN *are shopping for a gift.*

DANNY.
Whose birthday?

BERNARD.
My nephew Bobby.

DANNY.
How old is he now?

BERNARD.
Going to be... six. Will you look at that?

DANNY.
What?

BERNARD.
They got a fucking fruit at the games counter. I can't believe this. In the midst of the toy department. At the games counter, talking to the kids all day long... a fairy.

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
You know, one of those motherfuckers grabbed me when I was Bobby's age.

DANNY.
Where?

BERNARD.
At the movies, where else? We're all wondering what this old guy is doing at the cartoons, and he sits down at the end of the row, and halfway through he reaches over and grabs my joint. Reaches over *another* guy and grabs *me* by the joint.

DANNY.
Was he rough?

BERNARD.
What?

DANNY.
I mean, was he rough about it?

BERNARD.
Rough? (*Pause.*) I mean (*Pause.*) Rough? What difference *how* he grabbed me? I mean, he's a *guy.*

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
And *I'm* a guy. (*Pause.*) But at the time I was only a *kid*, for chrissakes. (*Pause.*)

DANNY
You ever do that stuff when you were kids?

BERNARD.
What stuff?

DANNY.
You know. Stuff with other kids.

BERNARD.
Teasing? Like teasing th girls? Looking up their panties and so on?

DANNY.
No, I mean when you were really young kids. Fooling around with other kids... the other boys.

BERNARD.
Fooling around? You mean like “messing” around with other boys?

DANNY.
Fuck no. I didn’t mean that. I just meant... you know.

BERNARD.
(*Pause.*) You Mean fooling *around!* Sure, who didn’t.

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
Shit, we all used to fuck around.

DANNY.
Right.

BERNARD.
Even when we were little, shit. I mean you *learn* when you’re young, right?

DANNY.
Right.

BERNARD.
And what you *learn*, that’s what you *know.* Am I right?

DANNY.
One Hundred Per Cent. It’s all in your...

BERNARD.
Head.

DANNY.
...approach. (*Pause.*)

BERNARD.
It’s in your what?

DANNY.
Approach?

BERNARD.
Right.

DANNY.
You know how to approach these things and you’ll always b alright.

BERNARD.
You don’t learn right when you’re young, those cocksuckers ruin your life.

DANNY.
Who? (*Pause.*)

BERNARD.
Anybody. (*Pause.*) Ruin it quicker’n you can turn around.

DANNY.
Take you and that guy in the movies, for instance.

BERNARD.
What do you mean?

DANNY.
Just that if you’d been a little *older*...

BERNARD.
Yeah.

DANNY.
Or maybe the guy, if he’d been a little... younger...

BERNARD.
What are you fucking talking about?

DANNY.
I’m saying that if the circumstances...

BERNARD.
What fucking circumstances? Some faggot queer got the hots for my joint at the cartoons.

DANNY.
I'm not talking about *extenuating* circumstances, I only mean the circumstances of what happened.

BERNARD.
And what exactly are you saying about them?

DANNY.
All I'm saying...

BERNARD.
...this happened *years* ago...

DANNY.
...is that it could possible have been damaging to you. (*Pause.*)

BERNARD.
Yeah.

DANNY.
...as a total Human Being.

BERNARD.
Damn right.

DANNY.
...and you're just lucky that it didn't.

BERNARD.
Well, what the fuck, I was only a kid.

DANNY.
Sure.

BERNARD.
A kid laughs these things off. You forget, you go on living... what the fuck, huh?

18 DEB AND JOAN'S APARTMENT. *Late at night. They are lounging.*

JOAN.
Let's face it. He would prematurely ejaculate. There's no nicer way to say it. And the sooner he would come the guiltier he would feel and the sooner he would come. Because in some ways, of course, he was doing it to punish me. And he was doing a hell of a job of it.
(MORE)

JOAN. (CONT'D)
So one day I said to him “Look, I’m in bed to make love with you, and you’re in bed to make love with me. So why don’t we just relax, and I’ll be with you, and you be with me, and whenever you want to come is fine.” (*Pause.*) Although he did seem happier about it. (*Pause. Tableau.)*

DEBORAH.
We have any tuna fish?

JOAN.
I think I ate it. (*Tableau.)*

19 THE HEALTH CLUB. BERNIE *in the gym talking to imaginary buddies.*

BERNARD.
So the kids asks me “Bernie, Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. The broad *this,* the broad *that,* blah, blah, blah.” Right? So I tell him, “Dan, Dan, you think I don’t know what you’re feeling, I don’t know what you’re going through? You think about the broad, you *this,* you *that,* you think I don’t know that?” So he tells me, “Bernie,” he says, “I think I love her”. (*Pause.*) Twenty eight years old. So I tell him, “Dan, Dan, I can *advise*, I can *counsel,* I can speak to you out of my *experience*... but in the final analysis, you are on your own. (*Pause.*) If you want my *opinion*, however, you are pussy-whipped.” (I call ‘em like I see ‘em. I wouldn’t say it if it wasn’t so.) So what does he know at that age, huh? Sell his soul for a little eating pussy, and who can blame him: But mark my words. One, two more weeks, he’ll do the right thing by the broad (*Pause.*) And drop her like a fucking hot potato.

20 JOAN AND DEB ARE OUT TO LUNCH.

JOAN.
...and, of course, there exists the very real possibility that the whole thing is nothing other than a mistake of *rather* large magnitude, and that it never *was* supposed to work out.

DEBORAH.
Do you really believe that?

JOAN.
I don't know. I really don't know. I think I *do*. Well, at your divorce rate. Look at the incidence of homosexuality... the number of violent, sex-connected crimes (this dressing is for shit)... all the anti-social behavior that chooses sex as its form of expression, Eh?

DEBORAH.
I don't know.

JOAN.
...physical and mental mutilations we perpetrate on each other, day in, day out... trying to fit ourselves to a pattern we can neither *understand* (although we pretend to) nor truly afford to *investigate* (although we pretend to.) (*Pause.*) Come on, disagree with me.

DEBORAH.
I disagree with you.

JOAN.
That's your right. Are you going to eat your roll? (DEB *shakes her head.*) Then perhaps *I* could have it. (*Takes roll.*) This roll is excellent.

DEBORAH.
I'm moving in with Danny.

JOAN.
I give you two months.

21 DAN AND BERNIE'S OFFICE. DAN *is filing.* BERNIE *is talking on the phone.*

BERNARD.
...so then she brings the dog in. "What's the pooch for?" I say. "Shup up and watch" she says, "You might learn something"... at the Laugh-Inn. (*Pause.*) They're open all night. (*Pause.*) No, they don't (*Pause.*) I'm telling you they're open all night.

DANNY.
They're open all night, Bern.

BERNARD.
(*To phone*) I'm sorry. (*To* DAN.) What?

DANNY.
They're open all night.

BERNARD.
Yeah. (*To phone.*) They're open all night. (*Pause.*) A guy in the office. So then she gets down on the carpet with the dog...

DANNY.
You want me to do these 11'13's?

BERNARD.
(*To* DAN.) Yeah. (*To phone.*) So I'm just watching at this point. (*Pause.*) I'm getting to that. So the fucking dog, and may I be struck dead by lightning, his eyes light, and she starts to grin (*Pause.*) A fox terrier.

22 DAN AND DEB MOVE OUT OF HER APARTMENT. JOAN *is in the background.*

DANNY.
You have very interesting taste in music.

DEBORAH.
A lot of them are Joan's.

DANNY.
I'm sorry... uh... (*To* JOAN.) uh, which of these are yours? You want to seperate them?

JOAN.
Well, they aren't going to separate themselves, now, are they?

DANNY.
No, I don't suppose they are. Why don't *you* separate them, Joan? (*Pause.*)

DEBORAH.
Danny has a sauna in his building.

JOAN.
How nice... sweating... Do you use your sauna often, Danny?

DANNY.
I use the sauna from time to time. I'm fortunate in being blessed with the ability to sweat in the everyday course of events.

DEBORAH.
(*To* JOAN.) What are we going to do about the television?

JOAN.
Do you want to take it?

DANNY.
I have a television.

JOAN.
Let me just pay you for your half of it.

DEBORAH.
You could send me a check.

JOAN.
I could *give* you a check. You're not going to California for god's sake.

DEBORAH.
I can pick it up next week.

JOAN.
When?

DEBORAH.
Whenever is convenient.

JOAN.
Can you come by Tuesday night?...(*To* Dan.) Can she come by Tuesday night?

DANNY.
That's very good. That's very funny. Now could you find it in your heart to take the table lamp and shove it up your ass?

JOAN.
Ah, that's very telling. On your instructions, I'm supposed to rend and torture myself anally. Is that what you like? Does Deborah know about this? You're moving out, move out.

DANNY.
She's moving out.

JOAN.
Well, move *her* out, then and the hell with you. (*To* DEB.) I hope you're very happy.

23 BERNIE IS AT THE OFFICE DECLAIMING TO SOME CO-WORKERS.

BERNARD.
Equal Rights Amendment? Equal Rights Amendment? I'll give you the fucking Equal Rights Amendment. Nobody ever wrote *me* no fucking amendments. Special *interest* groups, *okay*... but who's kidding who here, huh? (*Pause.*) We got baby seals dying in Alaska and we're writing amendments for *broads?* I mean, I'm a big fan of *society*... but this bites the big one. I'm sorry.

24 DAN AND DEB'S APARTMENT. *The morning. They are each getting ready for work.*

DANNY.
Do we have any shampoo?

DEBORAH.
I don't know.

DANNY.
You wash your hair at least twice a day. Shampoo is a staple item of your existence. Of course you know.

DEBORAH.
Alright. I *do*. Know.

DANNY.
Do we have any shampoo?

DEBORAH.
I don't know. Is your hair dirty?

DANNY.
Does my hair look dirty?

DEBORAH.
Does it feel dirty? (*Pause.*) It look dirty.

DANNY.
It feels greasy. I hate it when my hair feels greasy.

DEBORAH.
Well, I'm not going to look. If you want to know if there's any shampoo, you go look for it.

DANNY.
You don't have to look. You know very well if there's any shampoo or not. You're making me be ridiculous about this. (*Pause.*) You wash yourself too much anyway. If you really *used* all that shit they tell you in *Cosmopolitan* (And you *do*) you'd be washing yourself from morning til night. Pouring derivatives on yourself all day long.

DEBORAH.
Will you love me when I'm old?

DANNY.
If you can manage to look eighteen, yes.

DEBORAH.
Now, that's very telling.

DANNY.
You think so?

DEBORAH.
Yes.

DANNY.
I'm going to wash my hair. Is there any shampoo?

DEBORAH.
Yes. And no.

DANNY.
Now what's that supposed to mean?

DEBORAH.
Everything. And nothing. (*Pause.*) Would you get my hose?

DANNY.
No. Where does this come from? This whole fucking behavior. You're making it up. "Get my hose." You want your hose, I'll get your hose. Here's your fucking hose. (*Rummages in dresser.*) Where's your hose? (*Pause.*) What do they call them, anyway? Nobody says 'hose.'

DEBORAH.
Pantyhose.

DANNY.
Where are they?

DEBORAH.
Get me some out of the laundry bag.

DANNY.
You're going to wear dirty hose?

DEBORAH.
I think I'm out of clean ones.

DANNY.
So you're going downtown in dirty hose?

DEBORAH.
Do you want me walking around with a naked la-la?

DANNY.
If it makes you happy, Deb. I'm on the side of whatever makes you happy.

DEBORAH.
(*Retrieves dirty hose from bag and starts changing into them.)*

DANNY.
You make me very horny.

DEBORAH.
It's the idea of the dirty panties, Dan. You're sick.

DANNY.
I love your breasts.

DEBORAH.
"Thank you" (*Pause.*) Is that right?

DANNY.
Fuck you.

DEBORAH.
No hard feelings.

DANNY.
Who said there were?

DEBORAH.
You know there are.

DANNY.
Then why say there aren't?

25 DAN'S OFFICE. DAN *is talking to an imaginary co-worker.*

DANNY.
...no, wait a second. Wait a second. I want to tell you this. I know what you're saying and I'm telling you I don't like you badmouthing the guy, who happens to be a friend of mine. So just let me tell my story, okay? So the other day we're up on six and it's past five and I'm late, and I'm having some troubles with my chick (This chick I've been seeing) and I push the button and the elevator doesn't come, and it doesn't come, and it doesn't come, so I lean back and I kick the shit out of it three or four times (I was really hot.) And *he*, he puts his arm around my shoulder and he calms me down and he says, "Dan, Dan... don't go looking for affection from inanimate objects" (*Pause.*) Huh? (*Pause.*) So I don't want to hear you badmouthing Bernie Litko.

26 DAN AND DEB IN BED LATE AT NIGHT. DEB *is sleeping.*

DANNY.
Deborah. Deb? Deb? You up? (*Pause.*) You sleeping? (*Pause.*) I can't sleep. (*Pause.*) You asleep? (*Pause.*) Huh? (*Pause.*) You sleeping, Deb? (*Pause.*) What are you thinking about? (*Pause.*) Deb (*Pause.*) Did I wake you up?

27 A MOVIE THEATRE. DAN *and* BERNIE *are watching a pornographic movie.*

BERNARD.
Don't tell me that's that guy's joint. Whatever you do don't tell me that. That's not his joint. Tell me it's not his joint, Dan.

DANNY.
It's his joint.

BERNARD.
I don't want to hear it.

DANNY.
That's what it is.

BERNARD.
I don't want to hear it, so don't tell it to me. Nobody is hung like that. If that's his joint I'm going to go home and blow my brains out.

DANNY.
He probably used a stand-in.
(*Pause.*)

BERNARD.
I can't stand this. I can't fucking stand this. *Lookit* that broad!

DANNY.
Which one?

BERNARD.
Which *one?* The one she looks a little bit like whatshername.

DANNY.
Like Deborah?

BERNARD.
Yeah.

DANNY.
Which one is that?

BERNARD.
That one.

DANNY.
You think she looks like Deborah?

BERNARD.
Yeah. You see what I mean?

DANNY.
No. You think she's *pretty?*

BERNARD.
Pretty? What the fuck are you talking about? (*Pause.*) You know this fucking house has changed.

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
I mean, they still got the guys jerkin' off under the *Trib* in the front row...

DANNY.
World's Greatest Newspaper.

BERNARD.
...but they got a lot of scum in here now. Wait now. Wait. Do you see that. Will you look at the fucking that?

DANNY.
What?

BERNARD.
That break in the action... they shifted scenes... where they changed the camera angle... you know why they do that? You know why? Because the guy *came* is why, and thy shift angles and wait a while so it looks like he's fucking for hours. You see that?

DANNY.
Yeah

BERNARD.
These guys got no control. (*Pause.*) what was I saying?

DANNY.
How the house has changed.

BERNARD.
They got a lot of scum in here now. DO YOU SEE *THAT?* DO YOU FUCKING BELIEVE THAT? (*Pause.*) A woman blowing a man's natural. A woman blowing a dog's disgusting. (*Pause. To theatre at large.*) Yeah, that's what I think, and I'm not ashamed to say it!

28 DAN AND DEB AT THEIR APARTMENT. *In the midst of an all-night argument.*

DEBORAH.
Oh, shut up.

DANNY.
I should shut up? Who's talking for the last 12 hours straight, huh?

DEBORAH.
(Motions him away in disgust.)

DANNY.
...blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. Jesus. Some people go home with the *Tribune*. You go home with me. Everything's fine. Sex, talk, life, everything. Until you want to get "closer," to get "better." Do you know what the fuck you want? Push. You push me. Why can't you just see it for what it is?

DEBORAH.
What?

DANNY.
Us.

DEBORAH.
And what is it?

DANNY.
What it *is,* no more, no less.

DEBORAH.
And what is that?

DANNY.
Don't give me this. Don't give me that look, Missy.

DEBORAH.
Or you're gonna what?

DANNY.
I don't mind physical violence. I just can't stand emotional violence. (*Pause.*) I'm sorry. I'm sorry Deb. (*Pause.*) I forget who I'm talking to. I'm sorry. You're very good for me. Come here. (*Pause.*) Come here.

DEBORAH.
No. You come here for christ's fucking sake. You want comfort, come get comfort. What am I, your toaster?

DANNY.
Cunt.

DEBORAH.
That's very good. "Cunt", good. Get it out. Let it all out.

DANNY.
You cunt.

DEBORAH.
We've established that.

DANY
I try.

DEBORAH.
You try and try. You are misunderstood and depressed.

DANNY.
And you're no help.

DEBORAH.
No, I'm hindrance. You're trying to understand women and I'm confusing you with information. "Cunt" won't do it,. "Fuck" won't do it. No more magic. What are you *feeling*. Tell me what you're *feeling*. (*Pause*.) Jerk.

29 DEB ALONE.

DEBORAH.
My mother used to tell a story about how I came into the kitchen one day while she was preparing an important dish. I was about four. I said, "Mommy, can I have a cookie?", and she for some reason misunderstood, or misheard me, and thought that I wanted a "hug", so she gave me a "hug", and I said "Thank you, Mommy. I didn't want a cookie after all." (*Pause*.) You see? What is a sublimation of what? (*Pause*.) What signifies what?

30 DAN AT BERNIE'S APARTMENT. *The middle of the night. They are drunk.*

BERNARD.
Tits and Ass. Tits and Ass. Tits and Ass. Tits and Ass. Blah de Bloo. Blah de Bloo. Blah de Bloo. Blah de Bloo. (*Pause.*) Huh?

DANNY.
I don't know.

BERNARD.
So *don't* know. Big deal-you are going to lose your head over a little bit of puss? You are going to sell your birthright for a mess of potash? "Oh, Bernie, she *this,* Oh, Bernie, she's *that...*" You know what she is? She's a fucking human being just like you and me, Dan. We all have basically the same desires, and the shame of it is you get out of touch with yourself and lose your perspective. Huh? (*Pause.*) Huh? (*Pause.*) Yeah. You think you're playing with *kids?* (*Pause.*) Don't ever lose your sense of humour.

31 DAN AND DEB AT THEIR APARTMENT. *Splitting up their belongings.*

DANNY.
...and your friend, Joan... that cunt was born in a carcrash. (*Pause.*) And your job is a lot of busywork, you know that?

DEBORAH.
I know.

DANNY.
And I have *no* fucking idea what your drawings mean. (*Pause.*) And you're a lousy fuck.

DEBORAH.
I know.

DANNY.
Your friend, *Joan,* is a better fuck than *you* are.

DEBORAH.
I'm sure she is.

DANNY.
...and *she's a lousy fuck.* (Pause.)
Aren't you going to tell me I'm a lousy fuck?

DEBORAH.
You *are* a lousy fuck.

DANNY.
You're fulla shit.

32 DEB AND JOAN AT THEIR APARTMENT.

JOAN.
You learn from your mistakes, Deborah. Man is the one animal who has that capacity.

DEBORAH.
Yes.

JOAN.
You can't live in the past.

DEBORAH.
No.

JOAN.
It does you no good.

DEBORAH.
I know.

JOAN.
And, in the end, what do you have? You have your friends. (*Pause.*)...have you been drawing since you've been with Dan?

DEBORAH.
It wasn't his fault.

JOAN.
Well, whose fault was it, *mine?*

DEBORAH.
It was my fault, Joan.

JOAN.
It was not your fault. Say what you will, the *facts* don't change and the fact is if you take a grown man whose actions and whose outlook are those of a child, who wants nothing more or better than to have someone who will lick his penis and grin at his bizarre idea of wit, uh... if you take that man and uh...

DEBORAH.
I'll thank you for this someday.

JOAN.
Yes, you will, Deb. And you know, I truly don't see why you're being so hostile. I'm afraid I have to admit that.

33 JOAN IS READING A STORY TO HER IMAGINARY TODDLERS

JOAN.
...and when the prince came home that night, she ha changed into and Hag (SO of course he was very surprised). "Where is my beautiful wife?", he asked the Hag. "And what have you done with her?" And she said, "I am your wife." (That's right.) "I can be beautiful during the daylight hours so that you and your friends can admire me, or I can be beautiful at night, so that you can enjoy me by the fireside at night, and so on. But for one-half of the day I must be this old Hag you see before you." (*Pause.*) A "hag" is an ugly old lady. (*Pause.*) Well, how do you think it's spelled? (*Pause.*) Well, hoe does it sound? (*Pause.*) That's rights. And so she told him...

34 DAN AND BERN ARE ON THE BEACH. *They are looking at attractive women.*

BERNARD.
Lookit this.

DANNY.
Where?

BERNARD.
Lookit this.

DANNY.
Where?

BERNARD.
There.

DANNY.
Oh yeah.

BERNARD.
My sweet goodness.

DANNY.
Uh huh.

BERNARD.
What a sensitive young lady.

DANNY.
Check this one out.

BERNARD.
Don't bother me.

DANNY.
I'm telling you.

BERNARD.
Where?

DANNY.
Two o'clock.

BERNARD.
(*Looks*) Oh no!

DANNY.
Yes.

BERNARD.
Oh *no!*

DANNY.
I'm afraid so.

BERNARD.
I see no reason to go on living.

DANNY.
Ummm.

BERNARD.
There can be no more to life.

DANNY.
Yes.

BERNARD.
In a way it's sad. To think I gaze upon the highest man can wish for...

DANNY.
Bernie...

BERNARD.
His destiny...

DANNY.
Bernie...

BERNARD.
The frutition of a pain-laden stay on earth...

DANNY.
Hey, Bernie, isn't that whatshername?

BERNARD.
Her?

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
Is she who?

DANNY.
Whatzhername, who you introduced me to last week.

BERNARD.
Naaa. This broad is much better looking.

DANNY.
I think it's her.

BERNARD.
This broad has a lot more class.

DANNY.
No...

BERNARD.
Lookit her boobs. (*Pause.*) Am I right or not?

DANNY.
Yeah, I think you're right.

BERNARD.
Hey! Don't look behind you.

DANNY.
Yeah?

BERNARD.
Whatever you do, don't look behind you.

DANNY.
Where?

BERNARD.
Right behind you, about ten feet behind you to your right.

DANNY.
Yeah?

BERNARD.
I'm telling you.

DANNY.
(*Looks*) Get the fuck *outta* here!

BERNARD.
Can I pick 'em?

DANNY.
Bernie...

BERNARD.
Is the radar in fine shape?

DANNY.
... I gotta say...

BERNARD.
...*Oh* yeah...

DANNY.
... that you can *pick* 'em.

BERNARD.
I know I can. And will you look at the chick in the two-piece wet-look jobbie?

DANNY.
Oh *no!*

BERNARD.
...all the way up to her *ass!*

DANNY.
Jesus.

BERNARD.
And *beyond* for all we know.

DANNY.
You said it.

BERNARD.
*Look*it her.

DANNY.
Yup.

BERNARD.
Fuckin' *look*it her.

DANNY.
I know it.

BERNARD.
Tell me she is not flaunting herself all over the beach.

DANNY.
She is casting it to the winds.

BERNARD.
Look at that *suit.*

DANNY.
Bern... Bernie... I think that I can see her snatch.

BERNARD.
You're fulla shit.

DANNY.
On my honour. I can see her fucking snatch.

BERNARD..
You can see her snatch?

DANNY.
I'm telling you.

BERNARD.
(*Looks*) I can't make it out.

DANNY.
At the top of her legs.

BERNARD.
I know where it is, I just cant see it.

DANNY.
When she breathes in. You gotta look close. (*Pause. They look.*)

BERNARD.
Where does she get off with that noise?

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
That fuckin' pisses me off.

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
That pisses the *fuck* off outta me.

DANNY.
I know.

BERNARD.
Piss.

DANNY.
Cockteaser.

BERNARD.
Prissy little cunt.

DANNY.
Right on the beach.

BERNARD.
Piss me off.

DANNY.
Litte prude.

BERNARD.
On the fucking beach.

DANNY.
And those *tits!*

BERNARD.
Don't talk to me about tits.

DANNY.
Nice firm tits.

BERNARD.
Where does she get off with those tits?

DANNY.
What a pair of boobs.

BERNARD.
Not that I'm a tit man...

DANNY.
I know.

BERNARD.
I mean, I *dig* tits...

DANNY.
I don't blame you.

BERNARD.
...but I wouldn't go out of my way for a pair of tits.

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
The way I see it, *tits*...

DANNY.
Yeah?

BERNARD.
...are what you make of 'em.

DANNY.
It's like anything else.

BERNARD.
But an *ass*...

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
...is an *ass*...

DANNY.
Goes without saying. You know hat I like?

BERNARD.
What?

DANNY.
Stomach muscles.

BERNARD.
You're talking about flab.

DANNY.
Yeah.

BERNARD.
I know what you're talking about.

DANNY.
I know you do.

BERNARD.
Flab.

DANNY.
Fuckin' flab.

BERNARD.
Who needs it?

DANNY.
More trouble than it's worth.

BERNARD.
A nice pair of legs though...

DANNY.
I know it.

BERNARD.
Is like money from home.

DANNY.
A home *away* from home.

BERNARD.
Now look over there to illustrate my point.

DANNY.
The broad?

BERNARD.
Right. Nice legs, eh?

DANNY.
Yup.

BERNARD.
Very acceptable old ass...

DANNY.
Nice, firm.

BERNARD.
Flat belly, beautiful pair of tits.

DANNY.
No question.

BERNARD.
Now *she* is fine. (*Pause.*)

DANNY.
Right.

BERNARD.
But now look over *there.* The broad with the dumpy legs and the fat whatdayacallit.

DANNY.
Stomach

BERNARD.
He legs are for shit, her stomach is dumpy, her tits don't say anything for her, and her muscletone is not good.

DANNY.
Right.

BERNARD.
Now she is *not* a good-looking girl. (*Pause.*) In fact she is something of a pig. (*Pause.*) You see? That's all it takes...to make the difference between a knockout looking broad and a nothing looking broad who doesn't look like anything. (*Pause.*) You see my point.

DANNY.
...yeah?

BERNARD.
Makes all the fucking difference in the world. (*Pause.*) Coming out here on the beach. Lying all over the beach, flaunting their bodies... I mean who the fuck do they think they are all of a sudden, coming out here and just flaunting their bodies all over? (*Pause.*) I mean, what are you supposed to think? I come to the beach with a friend to get some sun and watch the action and... I mean a fellow comes to the beach to sit out in the fucking sun, am I wrong?... I mean we're talking about recreational fucking space, hu?...huh? (*Pause.*) What the fuck am I talking about?

DANNY.
Are you feeling alright?

BERNARD.
Well, how do I look, do I look alright?

DANNY.
Sure.

BERNARD.
Well, then let's assume that I feel alright, okay?

DANNY.
Okay.

BERNARD.
I mean, how could you feel anything *but* alright, for chrissakes? Will you look at that body? (*Pause.*) What a pair of tits. (*Pause.*) With tits like that, who needs...anything?

(*A long pause. They watch an imaginary woman pass in front of them.*)

BERNARD. (CONT'D)
Hi.

DANNY.
Hello there. (*Pause. She walks by.*)

BERNARD.
She's probably deaf.

DANNY.
She did *look* deaf, didn't she.

BERNARD.
Yeah. (*Pause.*)

DANNY.
Deaf *bitch*.

END